Santa Baby

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

For Holiday Spirit prompt: When Lee decided to go Christmas shopping, he had not expected to end the day hooking up with a mall Santa. Even so, he was pretty delighted about being filled with the Holiday Spirit!

“Fuck off kid, or I’ll give you a smack.”

The gruff words pulled Lee’s attention, a smirk on his lips before he even saw the source.

He really hadn’t wanted to be out Christmas shopping, but he wanted to get Cathy a gift - something other than the wine he had originally planned. It felt like she’d assume it to be an easy gesture - which it was. And she deserved more, having been there for him through thick and thin - through some of his worst days and then his remission despite her own cancer. She was an amazing friend and it was the least he could do.

But shopping wasn’t something he particularly enjoyed at this time of year. Too busy, too many frantic people making everything stressful. It was tedious. And keeping him amused on this tedious occasion, was the least this Mall Santa could do.

He looked over and the guy. He was far from the usual image of Santa the old man. He did have a grey speckled beard, but also an ill-fitting suit, and he was glowering at some little shit. Lee had noticed the Santa line when he was approaching and this kid was already giving his mother shit then. She actually looked slightly relieved when the Santa took it upon himself to 'discipline' the child after he kicked santa's shin.

As Lee continued, still smirking, the Santa looked up and their eyes met for a brief moment. Santa's expression went from *what the fuck are you looking at!* to *hey there beautiful* in a millisecond. For his part, Lee's smirk softened into something a little more flirtatious as he passed him by.

A nice drive-by flirt was just what the doctor ordered, much more enjoyable than blood transfusions and chemo. He really needed to get more flirting in his life now that he was over the worst of it. Lee continued on his way, looking for Cathy's perfect gift whilst planning his next night out and imagining what Santa might look like out of his suit.

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Two hours later and the mall was a short while from closing when Lee had to walk back past the Santa's Grotto on his way out. The same gruff voice and no-nonsense tone caught his ear -

"I don't know what to tell you kid. We're out of toys, the day is done."

Lee could only hear a muffled, but pitiful, response from a child trying to queue when the grotto was already closed.

"Blame the elves! They fucking unionised!" Santa chuckled to himself. Lee could see the front of the grotto now - complete with sad child and Santa with an unlit cigarette behind his ear, stood and ready to clock off. Lee watched as the Santa looked around and then took a knee in front of the little girl, pulled out his wallet and gave her a five dollar bill. "Forget those elves, you go buy something nice before the shops close, okay?"

The little girl was apparently appeased though her father didn't look quite as enthused. Santa gave the man a shit-eating grin for his troubles.

"Can I help you?" Santa asked.

It was a moment before Lee realised that Santa was talking to him, and that he had somehow come to a halt to watch the scene unfold and was now stood where the queue should start. "You wanna sit on my knee, gorgeous? See what Santa has for you in his sack?"

Lee chuckled and grinned. This wasn't exactly a fantasy he'd ever had but…

The father ushered his little girl quickly away, with a slight look of disgust, leaving the two of them alone at the grotto in the rapidly emptying mall.

"I'm rarely one to turn down the chance to fondle a nice sack." Lee replied, his grin making his face ache a little - he always enjoyed being unexpectedly amused. Santa looked a little

surprised, like he wasn't actually expecting his terrible lines to work. Lee shrugged at his response - "the last few years have taught me that life is too short to waste on tiptoeing around the point."

Santa gave Lee such a lascivious smile that it nearly made him tremble.

"Wanna grab a drink?" Santa asked, crooning the words with every ounce of charm at his disposal.

"Right now? I need to put these bags in my car, but there's a nice bar across the street - O'Leary's. I could meet you there in twenty minutes?" Lee replied, all but batting his eyelashes.

This was, unexpected and weird, but surprisingly nice. It wasn't like he made a habit of picking up guys at shopping malls, much less Santas. But it felt more casual, more fun, than picking up at a bar or a club. He just hoped it ended the same way - with one or hopefully both of them getting their cocks sucked.

They were grinning at each other as Santa replied in the affirmative and Lee headed off to the carpark.

He was at the bar ten minutes sooner than he had intended, but that was nice too, able to imbibe some Holiday Spirit… which was actually the name of an incredibly strong mulled cider that the bar was serving.

When Santa arrived, Lee did a double-take. Not only was the man as hot as hell, he was strangely surprised to find him no longer dressed as Santa. Which of course made sense, even if it did trip his mind up for a moment. Because gone was the ill-fitting red get-up, complete with terribly stuffed fake belly, and there instead stood a vision in blue jeans. The beard, which he had already realised, was the man's own, was all too delectable and Lee found himself imagining the scratch of it between his thighs.

Santa grinned wide and sauntered over. "Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas." He said and then held up a hand to the bar staff and indicated for her to bring two more Holiday Spirits. Then he turned that ridiculously hot smile on Lee - "Thought I should let you know somehow that it is me, in case you didn't recognise me out of uniform."

"I'd know you anywhere Santa." Lee replied, with a mixture of mock wide-eyed innocence and cheeky grin.

"Was it my big red sack that gave it away?" Santa wiggled his eyebrows, despite not having brought the sack from the grotto, but Lee enjoyed the banter anyway. "And, it's Nigel." Santa told him, holding out his hand to shake.

Lee took it and shook, and then goddamn blushed when the man brought it up to his mouth and brushed his lips over the back of Lee's hand - the scratch of his whiskers definitely bringing back his previous thoughts. Lee might have been pissed at any other douche pulling that sort of shit, but damn that beard. And then he looked up at Lee, eyes hooded as he waited -

Finally Lee came back to reality - and away from thoughts of scratchy beards on thighs - and said - “Lee.”

“Well Lee, have you been a good boy this year?” Santa… Nigel, continued as he released Lee’s hand and picked up his drink - clinking it against the one sat in front of Lee.

“Oh no, Santa. I’ve been pretty bad. I’m actually… not even a little bit sorry.” Lee laughed and enjoyed the wide smile that brought to Nigel’s face.

“Well, four days until Christmas. Still have time to change your ways.”

“I wouldn’t even know where to start. What with all the sinning and… well, I’m expecting a stocking of coal. I was sick for awhile so I’ve been making up for lost time. I’m definitely a hopeless case!”

“Maybe you just need more Holiday Spirit!” Nigel grinned, nodding to the big promotional sign next to them on the bar. The cider was good, and Lee was already a little light headed and wondering if he should get bar snacks.

“I… I’m not good with drinking these days. I think two might be my limit unless I grab some food.”

Nigel leaned in a little, so that his breath was warm against Lee, and full of apples and spice when he spoke. “I have an even better way to get the Holiday Spirit into you - direct from Santa himself. I have the costume in my car.”

Lee started laughing uncontrollably. He hadn’t had charming, if ridiculous, and easy banter like this in awhile. And the idea that Nigel might think he actually had a Santa kink made it all the more fun.

“I… I wasn’t trying to pick you up to fulfill some Santa fantasy.” Lee chuckled and Nigel actually looked relieved.

“Thank fuck. You wouldn’t believe how many moms and aunties I’ve had trying to sit on my fucking lap the last few weeks. Even the occasional grandmother.”

The both laughed, ending with them sat a little closer together, a nice intimacy between them.

“Well, I can’t imagine why, unless they get turned on by you being mean to their spawn.” Lee quirked a brow.

“Huh!” Nigel shook his head. “I see you’ve clocked my style. Look, I don’t mind kids, got a lot of time for my sister and her family, but I’m doing that job as a favour. My friend Darko is dating the mall manager and she got let down by the guy who was supposed to be doing it. I was in between legit employment. And… do you know how fucking hard it is to find a professional Santa? These guys are booked up every year in advance. So… I’m saving the day, and educating the kids. I mean, I only fucking swear at the shits who deserve it.”

Lee was laughing again, his face aching from it. “I think, you’re my kind of Santa.”

“I thought you said you weren’t into that? Should I grab the suit anyway? I could take you home and let you sit in my lap the whole night if you like.” Nigel joked.

“Ha! Well, let’s keep it on stand by.”

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Three more Holiday Spirits later and Lee was a little bit in love with Santa.

He couldn’t remember the last time he had laughed so much, and was unbelievably grateful for that in a way he hadn’t anticipated. The man was charming and interesting, and now Lee knew more about Romanian Christmas traditions than he had ever anticipated. Nigel, despite the gruffness and swearing - which Lee actually enjoyed a good deal - was the poster child for likeable. They discussed family Christmas traditions they both had, and both lamented the fact that they weren’t spending Christmas with family. They were both the friend who was being included so they didn’t spend it alone - Nigel with his friend Darko and his girlfriend, Lee with Cathy and her family. It could be worse, but… damn, there was something about this time of year that made a person feel lonely. Even so, it really didn’t feel like that was what had drawn them together - this wasn’t an act of loneliness. They genuinely clicked, and Lee wasn’t sure the last time he could say that.

They’d ordered some bar food and moved from the bar to a booth - and Lee started to realise that this seemed to have turned from a potential hookup to an actual date.

When Nigel returned from the bar for more drinks, he slipped in beside Lee, instead of resuming his seat opposite. He slipped in more than that, as he put the drinks down but continued to move until he had Lee pressed to the wall and a probing tongue in his mouth. Lee returned the gesture. Enthusiastically.

He had already passed the point where he would have normally asked someone if they wanted to go do dirty things in the restroom, and he had no desire to say it now. He had a very strong desire to suck Nigel’s dick, and yet the words wouldn’t come because he was enjoying the *date* too much.

When Nigel pulled back, smiling and running a thumb over Lee’s lips - a little red from the rough beard, Lee asked - “do this often?”

“Pick up in bars? All the time. This though… no. Not really. This is nice. It’s not what I expected or planned, but… I’m really enjoying spending time with you, uh, without fucking. You know?”

Lee laughed. “Yeah, I know. I was thinking the same. Not that I want to rule out any chances of fucking. I mean, chances of fucking are still pretty high as far as I’m concerned.”

“Oh yeah, I’m all for fucking.” Nigel grinned and Lee leaned in and returned the kiss. Soft, slow, the kind he seduced with, and the little moan into his mouth told him Nigel was no more immune to his charms than he was to Nigel’s.

They finished their drinks and made the quick decision that they would get a taxi to Lee's loft as Nigel shared an apartment with his friend Darko and Lee preferred the privacy. He also preferred to be around his home comforts, such as they were - which he explained to Nigel. It was a force of habit. He didn't own much, by choice, but after going through cancer and treatment and remission, it was always nice to be in one's own surroundings and feel secure in that. When he'd thought he wasn't going to make it he'd been the opposite - not wanting any connections, nothing to tie him down or hold him back, but times had changed. Nigel had nodded and taken it in his stride - not batted an eyelid at the mention of cancer. And Lee was unsure how to feel about that.

He hadn't really dated since he recovered, and it wasn't something he mentioned to casual hookups. He had hesitated to say it, assuming that just the mention of having had cancer could send a person running. He didn't want Nigel to run. Maybe he *did* want to date him? It wasn't something he had even considered when out shopping earlier, but having randomly ended up in this man's company he was reluctant to not have more of it in the future.

When they got to Lee's place Nigel crowded behind him as he unlocked the door, gently kissing and nuzzling at Lee's neck to the point where he was hardly capable of turning the key. In fact, he hadn't realised he'd become so distracted until Nigel's hand came up to his own and turned the lock.

Then they were somehow through the door and Nigel was kissing him again. More insistent, deeper as his beard scratched against Lee.

The thought of it made Lee chuckle - the thought of having just picked up Santa.

Nigel broke away to give Lee a questioning glance, to which Lee could only respond -

"Oh, Santa…"

Nigel growled and lunged for him, pressing an unexpected squeak from Lee and then incessant giggling as he was manhandled towards his couch.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd had this much fun with a hookup. Technically every hookup that ended with him getting off was fun. Or so he had thought. Maybe enjoyable would be a better word? Because *this* was fun! It was silly, sweet, relaxing and titillating. And hot as fuck.

He was already rock hard when Nigel pressed him down to the sofa, covering him entirely and panting at the side of his neck as he growled into his ear -

"Tell me what you like. Tell me what you want. I've never wanted to make someone else cum so much in my whole life… just to see if it will stop you fucking laughing."

There was amusement in the gruff tone and it only made Lee laugh all the more.

He started to nuzzle at Nigel's neck, his hands finding the man's ass and using it to pull them tight together so that their dicks throbbed against each other through their jeans. Between nips and kisses he chuckled -

“Yeah, it’ll stop me laughing just long enough to scream your name.”

“Don’t fucking call me Santa when you cum.” Nigel snarled and pulled back. Lee was laughing again at Nigel’s words as the man stripped off his t-shirt - pulling it over his head and throwing it over his shoulder.

Lee stopped laughing.

At first it was lustful awe at the gorgeous sight in front of him, but then his eyes were drawn to the gnarly scar snaking across Nigel’s side.

“Woah!”

Nigel frowned and then looked down. “Oh yeah, that. Lets just say, that’s why I changed my line of work… and left Bucharest.”

Lee’s mind exploded with a million questions he had about that statement and the scar itself but if this was just a hookup it didn’t matter - why ruin the fun. And if they somehow did manage to see each other again, he could ask another time and not spoil this moment, so he said -

“And here was I thinking how dangerous being Santa must be!” he gave a gentle, lopsided grin. “Angry husband of a bored housewife caught her sat in your lap?”

Nigel grinned. “Let's go with that.”

The serious moment avoided Lee finally replied to Nigel’s question.

“Speaking of… I think I’d quite like to sit in your lap Santa. You did say you would put the Holiday Spirit in me.”

He felt Nigel tremble with lust as he pulled off him and stood. “Yeah, yeah…” Nigel was muttering his affirmations as he pulled off his boots and struggled out of his jeans and underwear.

After a moment of voyeurism, Lee came to his senses and got up from the couch, racing across the open plan space to his bedroom area and grabbing lube and condoms from the bedside drawers there. When he turned back, Nigel was naked and seated on the sofa, the look on his face as eager as any child waiting for their Christmas gift.

Lee started to remove his own clothes as he returned, standing before Nigel naked and grateful of the meat that had returned to his bones since remission, when Nigel grasped his hips and pulled him forward. He dropped his haul onto the sofa as Nigel leaned in and took Lee’s straining cock into his mouth.

Lee shuddered and had to put a hand on Nigel’s shoulder to stay upright as his knees went weak.

He gasped and moaned as Nigel expertly worked his cock until he finally had to stop him, on the verge of cumming. He grabbed Nigel’s hair and pulled him back. “No… wait, I… I want

to cum with you inside me."

"Fuck." Nigel muttered, his pupils blown with lust.

Lee was being manhandled again then and it was all a bit of a blur how he ended up on his back again with Nigel half over him. He heard to click of the lube bottle cap and then Nigel's mouth was on him again. Not sucking him off, just playing his mouth over Lee cock. No friction - though he wasn't sure he might not still cum anyway - as Nigel licked and tasted him. And then two lubed fingers pressed against him, circling and teasing.

It seemed like an eternity as Nigel worked him open, first one finger, then two. Slowly working in an out until Lee was writhing and wanting more. He'd never been so hungry for cock in his life! And that was saying something. Generally he didn't do this when he picked guys up - most of the time it was blow jobs and hand jobs in bar restrooms. He rarely brought someone home, rarely let them fuck him. But the thought of riding Nigel - his Santa - was a temptation he wasn't going to deny himself.

Another finger later and the pleasure was almost painful. He relaxed into the stretch, even as his body tried to hungrily take Nigel's fingers deeper.

"Fuck, Nigel…" He pushed him away, feeling the loss instantly, but too focused on grabbing the lube and condoms that had ended up the other side of the sofa. He straddled Nigel's knees as he ripped open the packet. He wasn't sure he'd ever applied a condom and lube to someone so fast before in his life! But within moments it was on, wet and Lee was plunging down onto Nigel's cock with a long groan into Nigel's waiting mouth.

He moved slowly then, clenching a little as he drew up, feeling Nigel shuddering between his thighs. Neither of them could maintain the kiss as they lost themselves to the sensation.

"Fucking hell." Nigel groaned, letting his head fall back as he enjoyed Lee clenching around him.

Lee worked Nigel's cock a few times before leaning in, sliding his arms behind Nigel's neck and pressing their increasingly sweaty bodies together so Nigel had no choice but to look at him. And when he did, Lee moved closer, closing the little distance between them and kissing Nigel again. Their tongues played against each other and Nigel's hands found his asscheeks and started kneading them, as Lee moved - slow and shallow. His own cock was now trapped between them and the friction was glorious.

After one particularly slow lift of his ass, whilst he squeezed around Nigel, Santa had clearly had enough. Lee chuckled as Nigel decided to take control of this sitting in lap situation.

His kiss turned hungry, biting at Lee's lips as his fingers dug into Lee's hips. Lee groaned his continued enjoyment as Nigel started to bounce Lee on his cock, after the fourth time he started to thrust up too. They lost the connection of their lips again, both grunting and moaning as they slammed their bodies together, Lee's leaking cock now painfully hard and his ass so delightfully full he was pretty sure this was the best thing Santa had ever brought him.

He even wanted to say so - wanted to share the joke - but Nigel was fucking him ever harder, to the point where the air was being knocked from his lungs on each thrust.

He tightened his arms around Nigel's neck, no space between them now as they fucked furiously towards a mutually assured outcome.

Lee cried out and then bit down a little on the meat of Nigel's shoulder as he came between them, his balls aching and cock over-sensitive to the point where he almost wanted Nigel to stop.

Almost.

He went pliant as his orgasm jellified his entire body, his mind blank but for thoughts of the man beneath him. Another few sharp thrusts and Nigel's fingers were digging deep enough to bruise as he slammed Lee's ass down onto his cock until Lee practically felt Nigel's balls tighten and his orgasm shudder through him. Nigel's cock pulsed and Lee groaned as he emptied everything he had into Lee - the stupid grin on his face telling Lee he loved every second of it.

Their sweaty bodies remained wrapped around each other as they sat there, panting and trembling. It was the best fuck Lee had had in a long time, perhaps ever, and he was more than happy to stay straddling Santa's lap as he softened within him.

When he caught his breath Lee mumbled. "Ho ho ho… Merry Christmas."

Nigel chuckled, breathing heavy against Lee's neck before finally managing - "you've definitely been a good boy, you got all the goodies from my sack."

Lee let out a bark of laughter that had Nigel wincing as his still seated cock was gripped by tightening muscles.

"And what do I get if I'm a bad boy?" Lee asked, amused and teasing.

"Just you wait and see." Nigel growled.

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Lee woke and stretched out in the bed, enjoying the feel of the hard and warm body next to him. He could definitely get used to overnight guests. It had been such a long time since he had really spent time like this with someone - any sort of time where there might be the possibility to form an attachment. Something he had avoided for so long.

And he was pretty sure that - after being fucked twice by Nigel, getting rimmed, and then sucking Nigel off in the shower after several long and wonderful hours - he wanted to have Nigel stay over again.

He remembered Cathy telling him that he needed to start living again, that he had spent so many years fighting with death he had forgotten to live. Now he completely understood her point. If this had been before remission, he wouldn't have given Nigel the time of day. Well, nothing beyond and quick and dirty hookup. And he couldn't say that would have been

wrong, but now that he no longer had a seemingly imminent death sentence he really could - *should* - start living.

He opened his eyes to find Nigel already awake and grinning at him.

“You’re fucking beautiful when you sleep. You know that?”

“How would I know that?” Lee chuckled. “I don’t film myself sleeping. But I’m looking good these days, so I’ll believe you. Even if I’m sure you’re just saying it to get in my pants again.”

Nigel continued to grin. “Is it working?”

Lee chuckled and kissed Nigel, slow and deep before pulling back and asking - “one for the road?”

Nigel’s expression fell for just a moment, but long enough for Lee to see something there - regret?

“What is it?” He asked, feeling suddenly so very serious.

“One for the road. Like… I don’t know, sounds like we’ll never see each other again. And I’m not sure how I feel about that.” Nigel’s voice was low, so soft. A vulnerability that Lee hadn’t seen so far. It made him ache in several parts of his body.

“Where’s your phone?”

Nigel frowned but then got up and fetched his jeans, grabbing his phone before sitting on the end of the bed.

Lee held out his hand, and when it was given over, he started tapping. “Here, now I’m in your phone. You want to do this again sometime, you just let me know.”

“Like… a booty call?”

Lee laughed - it sounded so strange in Nigel’s accent.

“I guess. Or a date? Whatever.”

Nigel was grinning at him as he took back the phone. “A date huh? I… I don’t have to be at the Mall for a few hours, maybe I could… hang out.”

Lee’s chest swelled in a way it hadn’t in a very long time. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

Nigel leaned in and kissed him deeply, his affection written in every movement, it made Lee want to melt. He pulled back, determined not to be overwhelmed. Determined to let this happen - whatever *did* happen.

“How about you have another shower, where you actually get clean-”

“Hey, your mouth did a damn fine job of cleaning my dick.” Nigel interrupted with mock indignation.

Lee rolled his eyes and continued as he slipped from the bed. “- and I will cook us breakfast. Okay?”

Nigel nodded. “Sure gorgeous.” he picked up his phone and then raised an eyebrow. “You… put yourself as Santa’s Little Helper.”

Lee grinned but said nothing.

“Darling, there’s nothing little about you.” Nigel licked his lips and Lee rolled his eyes again as he headed to the kitchen. “I just have to send a quick message first, then I’ll be in the shower.”

He heard Nigel tapping on his phone and then his own phone beep as Nigel made his way to the bathroom. With a curious frown Lee grabbed his phone and opened the message.

~About that date. What are you doing Christmas Day? Because Santa could definitely use a little help.

Lee laughed, tapping out a reply as the water started to sound from the bathroom.

~I will never turn down the chance for more Holiday Spirit.

Maybe it would be a very merry Christmas indeed!

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